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MARTIN LUTHER.[1]

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONTINUED.]

THE HERO OF THE NATION.

The clouds lower; the storm breaks; the whole nation is agitated by electric flashes. The words of the Augustinian monk of Wittenberg crash and roll like peals of thunder, and every blow means progress, means victory. Even to-day, after a lapse of three centuries and a half, the tremendous commotion of the nation attracts us with irresistible magic. Never, in the course of the German people's life, did its inmost nature reveal itself at once so pathetically and so superbly. All the fine features of the national soul and character burst into bloom during that time; enthusiasm, resignation, a profound moral wrath, searching inquiry within the human mind after the sublime, and serious pleasure in systematic thought. Each individual took part in the controversy. The wayfaring pedlar disputed at the evening hearthfire for or against pardons and indulgences, the countryman in the most remote valley heard with amazement of the new heretic whom his spiritual father cursed in every sermon. The bag of the begging monk remained empty, for the women of the village no longer gave cheese and eggs. The tract literature swelled into an ocean, a hundred printing presses were busy spreading the numerous polemic writings, both learned and popular. At every parish church, in every chapter, the divided parties wrangled. At all points resolute clergymen declared for the new doctrine, weaker ones wrestled in anxious doubt, the gates of monasteries were thrown open and the cells speedily emptied. Every month brought something new, something unheard-of, to the people.

It was no longer a quarrel among priests, as Hutten had at first contemptuously called the controversy of the men of Wittenberg with Tetzel. It had become a war of the nation against Roman domination and its supporters. In ever mightier outlines rises the figure of Luther before the eyes of his contemporaries. Outlawed, cursed, persecuted by Pope and Emperor, by princes and prelates, four years suffice to make him the idolised hero of the people. His journey to Worms is described in the style of the Scripture, and the over-zealous compare him to the martyrs of the New Testament. But the cultured classes, also, are drawn into the battle in spite of themselves. Even Erasmus smiles approval, and the soul of Hutten is ablaze for the justice of the new gospel. He no longer writes Latin. In forceful German words, wilder and more impetuous than the men of Wittenberg, with a fire that consumes him, the knight fights his last feuds for the son of the peasant.

This portraiture of Luther, the man in whom for half a generation was concentrated the best life of the people, touches us very nearly. But before we try to understand his soul, let us briefly indicate how his nature affected unprejudiced contemporaries, and first, the testimony of a sober and clear mind who never had close personal relations with Luther, and, subsequently, in an intermediate position between the men of Wittenberg and the reformers of Switzerland, had ample cause to be dissatisfied with Luther's stubbornness. He was a friar from the old Benedictine monastery of Alpirsbach, in the wildest part of the Black Forest, Ambrosius Blaurer, born at Constance, of a noble family, and thirty years old at the time under discussion. He had left the monastery July 8, 1522, and taken refuge with his family. Upon the request of his Abbot, the Governor of the principality of Würtemberg demanded of the Mayor and Council of Constance his extradition to the monastery. Blaurer published a defence from which the following is taken. Shortly afterwards he became preacher in Constance and composed religious hymns; after the last restoration of Duke Ulrich he was one of the reformers of Würtemberg and died at a ripe old age and weary of action at Winterthur, an irreproachable, worthy, temperate man. What he commends and condemns in Luther may be taken as the general opinion entertained by serious minds of those years:

"I call upon God and my conscience to witness that it was not wantonness or any other unworthy motive that caused me to leave the monastery, as they are now crying in the streets, that monks and nuns leave their orders to the detriment of monastic peace and discipline in order to live in the license of the flesh and give the reins to their wantonness and

[1] Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

worldly passions. What caused me to escape was honorable, weighty, and great troubles and urgent admonitions of my conscience, based on, and directed by, the Word of God. And I am confident that the occasion and all the circumstances of my escape do not indicate levity, frivolity, or any improper purpose; for I laid off neither hood nor cloak from my person except a few days after my escape, for the sake of safety, until I reached my place of refuge. Nor did I go to the wars nor elope with a pretty woman, but, without delay, as speedily as possible, went to my dear mother and my relatives, who are of undoubted Christian character and stand in such respect of probity in the city of Constance that they would not advise or aid me towards any improper undertaking.

"Moreover, I trust that my past life and conduct will readily turn aside from me any suspicion of improper, wanton purpose. For while I do not presume anything before God, I may justly boast before men, since necessity now demands it, that I have by respectable conduct kept a good reputation and esteem, much love and favor in the monastery, at school, here, and wherever I have been. So did even the message from Würtemberg, in your hearing, give me the praise that there was no complaint or ill report of me in the monastery of Alpirsbach on account of my character or conduct, but that I carried myself well and piously, except that, as they say, I gave too much heed to the seductive and accursed doctrine of Martin Luther; that I read and kept his writings and taught accordingly, against the prohibition of the abbot, publicly in the monastery and in my sermons to the laity; and that when I was enjoined not to do so, I poured the doctrine secretly and in corners into the souls of some inmates of the monastery. With such commendation of my fathers and fellow-members I am entirely content and well satisfied, and will answer for this one misdeed as a Christian, and on the strength of the Word of God, and I hope that my excuse will assist not only myself but others also in turning aside a false and groundless suspicion.

"During the last few years, when the writings and books of Martin Luther were issued and became known, they also came to my hands before they were prohibited and condemned by spiritual and temporal authority. And, like other newly printed publications, I looked at and read them. At first such doctrine appeared somewhat strange and curious, even rude and in conflict with long-established theology and wise teachings of the school, also with some ordinances of the papal spiritual law and in contradiction to old, and, as I then deemed, laudable traditions and usages handed down to us by our forefathers. By observing, nevertheless, clearly that this man everywhere in his teachings inserted lucid, plain passages of the Holy Scripture by which all other human teachings should be judged, accepted, or rejected, I wondered much and was thereby induced to read such teachings not once or twice, but often, with diligence and earnest attention, and to reflect upon and compare them with the Scripture of the Gospels to which they frequently appeal. But the longer and more assiduously I did so, the more I understood how this very learned and enlightened man treated the Holy Scripture with such great dignity, how altogether purely and delicately he handled it, how he cited it at all points wisely and appropriately, how daintily and skilfully he compared it and connected its parts, explaining and making intelligible the obscure and difficult texts by comparing other passages that were clear and transparent, and I saw his treatment of the Scripture showed the greatest mastery and gave the most profitable help for thoroughly understanding it, so that every intelligent layman who looks at his books rightly and reads them diligently can clearly understand that this doctrine has a perfectly true, Christian, and firm foundation. For that reason it struck my soul keenly and went deep into my heart, and gradually the mist of many old misunderstandings has dropped from my eyes. For this doctrine did not become suspicious to me like those of many other scholars and teachers which I had read before, since it aims not at either dominion, fame, or temporal pleasure, but presents to us simply the poor, despised, crucified Christ and teaches a pure, modest, tranquil life agreeable in all things to the teachings of Christ, which is also the reason why it is insufferable and too onerous for the haughty, puffed-up doctors who seek in the Scripture rather their own honor and glory than the spirit of God, and to the priests who covet power and rich benefices. Therefore, I will rather lose my body and life and all my fortune than be moved from my position; not on account of Luther, who is personally strange and unknown to me except by his writings—he, also, is human and therefore subject to mistake and error like other men—but on account of the Divine Word which he carries in him so transparent and clear, and proclaims and elucidates with such victorious and triumphant success and with such candid and unterrified spirit.

"The enemies try to embitter this honey for us by the fact that Luther is so irritable, violent, and harsh, and lays hands with such frivolousness on his adversaries, especially the great princes, and lords temporal and spiritual, that he scolds and blasphemes them and so readily forgets brotherly love and Christian humility. In that respect he has often displeased me also, and I would not lead anybody to do as he does in that regard. Nevertheless, I would not reject his good Christian doctrine on that account, or even con-

demn him personally because I cannot comprehend his mind and the secret judgment of God which perhaps by this one defect will draw many people away from his doctrine. And since he wants to defend not his own cause, but the Word of God, there is room for much indulgence, and this thing may be construed as the zealous wrath of God. Even Christ, the source and mirror of all gentleness, often rudely assailed the stubborn, flinty-hearted Pharisees before all others, cursing them and calling them false hypocrites, whited sepulchres, blind and leaders of the blind, and children of the Devil, as the history of the Gospels shows. Perhaps Luther would be glad to give a great title to many if he could do so with truth. But he may think it inappropriate to call gracious those whose minds are darkened, or good shepherds those who are ravenous wolves, or merciful those who know not mercy. For, without a doubt, had not God been more merciful to him than they, his body would no longer be on earth. But, be that as it may, I will not defend it here. We will reject the scoffing and scolding and gratefully accept the earnestness of his Christian writings for our betterment.

"As I persisted freely in my well-founded purpose and would not be deterred by any human prohibition, being a Christian, the ill-will of the Lord of Alpirsbach and several men of his monastery grew steadily and violently against me, and the sword of the wrath of God began to cut and cause discord among the brothers. Finally I was commanded by the highest authority to desist from my purpose and not to speak on this subject to others in the monastery who were favorable to me and inclined to Christian doctrine. Moreover, I was not to preach or read in the monastery, but be in every respect like all other brethren. I wished not to resist, but was willing gladly to suffer such violence in Christian patience, but with the reservation that for myself I should not be prohibited from reading and keeping what, according to my knowledge and insight, was in accordance with Holy Writ and profitable for my salvation; also, that if others should ask me and need such advice I should afford them teachings, writings, books, and brotherly instruction. For so I was commanded by the Lord, my God, and I would hold His command higher than all human obedience. But this proposition was viewed with much disfavor and called intolerable sin; the daily discord increased, the peace of the monastery was undermined and shaken. One said he would no longer remain in this school of heretics, another that the Lutherans must leave the monastery or he would depart, a third pretended that the house of God suffered ill report and worldly disadvantage for my sake, as there was a belief that they were all of my opinion, a fourth spoke of flogging, a fifth of something else, so that it was impossible to tolerate the matter longer, or remain in such discord without violating my conscience. Hence I begged of my abbot and monastery earnestly and with greatest assiduity a gracious and free furlough; I would maintain myself for a year or two without expense to the house of God at some school or elsewhere, and see if in the meantime by divine interposition the cause of our dissension should come to a peaceable issue, so that we could come together again united in evangelical doctrine with kind and entirely brotherly love.

"But this being also refused by them, I escaped from the monastery advisedly after having taken counsel with wise, learned, prudent, and pious gentlemen and friends."

Thus far Ambrosius Blaurer.

While Brother Ambrosius was still looking with anxious care from the window of his cell over the pines of the Black Forest, another man entered into the gate of a stately castle in the Thuringian Forest. Beneath lay the gloomy Dragon's Hole, before him the long ridge of the charmed Hörsel mountain in which dwelt Venus, the fair devil, to whom the Pope, through his unwillingness to forgive sins, had once upon a time driven the penitent knight Tannhäuser. But the withered staff which the Pope on that occasion planted in the ground turned green and fresh over night; God Himself had refuted the Pope. Poor, penitent man, relying on his child-like faith, no longer needs the Roman bishop to find pity and mercy with his Heavenly Father, and the bad Pope himself must, according to the legend, go down into the cave of the old dragon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CRAZY STORY.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

I WAS A very young man, so young that I looked up to the Reverend Arthur Hale with his twenty-four years, as to one whose experience of life was vastly greater than my own. Mr. Hale had been my tutor, and had only lately left the vocation of teaching (in his case a congenial one), for orders.

I thought him as nearly perfect as a man can be in this world, and I am not ashamed to confess, modelled my conduct to a great extent upon his.

He was extremely rigid in his morality yet lenient in his judgment of others; strict enough in doing his duty, but ready to turn to enjoyment with us boys and girls in a healthy, hearty fashion at once boyish and manly.

He was a fine athlete, and when any of our young friends bragged, as boys will, of some champion of theirs, or of this or that athletic feat, we always responded by bringing forward Arthur as an example of

the best that could be done anywhere. He was our champion, our ideal, our hero.

Well, as I have said, he took orders, was installed in a little parish somewhere far away among the mines in a remote western country, and we saw him no more in the city for upwards of two years. He wrote, however, many times, especially to my mother, with whom he had always been a great favorite. The letters were as sturdy as himself; not disguising the difficulties of his position, he yet wrote cheerfully and hopefully, bearing, it was evident, his cross daily, and bearing, too, others' burdens. In fact, as we discovered afterwards, the whole burden of the parish had fallen upon him. The vestry was—as vestries will be sometimes—inefficient, and his wardens were by no means as helpful as they might have been.

The finances were poorly managed; Arthur's none too bounteous salary was in arrears, and at times he was on very short commons. But there was a class thereabouts, miners from Wales and Cornwall chiefly, who with their families were getting great good done them; so, in and out of season, Arthur wrought for their spiritual welfare, till, overtasked, he fell in the harness, and was advised, if he valued his life, to take time for rest.

It so happened that a college mate just ordained was free to take his place, and Arthur, having no kindred, came, at my mother's urgent request, to our country house. I was graduated that summer, had a long vacation, and was glad enough of his companionship. He had changed greatly, was thin and sallow, the mere shadow of his former stalwart self. He was as cheerful and happy-spirited as ever, yet somehow here there was a change also. I noticed the day after he came a feverish animation when with the family, a listless depression when alone. The third day, of his own accord (a circumstance which of itself was singular), he proposed a run down the river as far as West Point. We had often gone there to witness evening parade, taking the afternoon boat. Now, however, Arthur suggested an all-day outing. Of course I acceded. We spent the morning pleasantly, and about dinner time found ourselves at Cranston's.

With his dinner Arthur ordered a bottle of beer This, far more than his singular alternations of liveliness and dolor, astonished me. I presume I must have looked my surprise, for he had always been a rigid advocate of total abstinence. For a time Arthur maintained a pensive silence, till at last—the innate moral courage of the man came to the rescue of his debilitated physical nature, and he spoke with nervous energy; telling me of his doctor's orders respecting the stimulant, and of a supposed absolute necessity in his case.

How natures differ! I myself could see nothing in following a prescription, that need have caused such mental disquietude. But Arthur Hale was conscientious to fanaticism, sensitive in duty even (if that be possible) to a fault. With him it had been a struggle, not between right and wrong; but—sometimes a vastly harder matter—between two conflicting principles. From his youth up he had abhored all sorts of liquor; wine, spirit, malt liquor were all, not only repugnant to his moral sense, but repellant to his taste. And now that doctor up in the mining regions had told him if he did not build himself up with beer and ale and porter he would die.

I am confident, for so do such staunch souls choose, that in the end his determination had been taken because of the conviction he had gotten that to refrain would be suicide, and further that to drink was harder than to die.

"But Jack," said he, eyes brim full, "I could not drink in your dear mother's house. I know too well what her feelings are to do that. Yes; it was because I felt the need; no, not that exactly, but because I would live to do what good I can in the world."

"And must you have beer every day?" I asked, thoroughly sympathetic.

"The doctor told me I ought," he answered gloomily, "I cannot die, Jack, dear boy," he went on plaintively, "I must not die, and yet what shall I do? I feel that I ought to go away. Never can I bring myself to disturb your mother. She must never know." I understood well how true were the words my friend had uttered. With my mother loathing of drink was not only a principle, it was a passion. Nor is it wonderful. I shudder even now as I recall the reason for her righteous horror of the cup. She had borne three children: one, my sister, many years my senior, had married early in life an inebriate, whose vile appetite had brought her quickly "in sorrow to the grave." A brother, too, I had—older than I by fourteen years. I was only ten when he too died: died in the nameless delirium of the drunkard. Time softening my mother's grief, had only strengthened the might of her resolution, and of her loathing.

I knew well that what Arthur had said was true. My mother must not know. Yet I was unwilling that he should leave us. I besought him to stay. "Why need my mother know?" I asked. "Let me arrange it."

Then I explained my plan.

"Oh! how I hate the merest shadow of duplicity," exclaimed Arthur.

"But," I answered, "concealment is not duplicity. This is a case where the end justifies the means." He yielded with the greatest reluctance; but finally he did yield. I carried out in secret the plan I had devised. From that day in secret he partook of the

beer that I procured for him, and mother did not know. I confess to a guilty feeling in all this; and, though he said nothing, but grappled with his own distress as with his physical infirmity, I am sure Arthur suffered even more than I. Yet he grew but little better.

A month passed, and then, in spite of all the precautions I had taken, the duplicity became known to mother. By some inadvertance the case of bottles was delivered, contrary to instructions, at the house. My mother never had concealments, duplicity of even the most innocent sort was unknown to her. Arthur and I had been upon the lawn at tennis. He came in more than ever wearied by the exertion, and went directly to his room. I was on the way to my own when my mother called to me. I went down at once to the library. She stood there, her fragile form quivering, her face ashy white.

"What is it, mother?" I asked in much alarm. Still standing, fixing her eyes upon mine with an expression almost of despair, speaking with a strange vehemence unnatural to her, she told me all of the discovery she had made.

At first I was for leaving her to the delusion that was hers: that it was for me the beer had been ordered. I say at first; but it was only for a moment. Too well did I know how futile any such attempt would prove. It would be only that much more duplicity, and that much more wretchedness for her. A sense of chivalry towards my friend bade me spare him; but I knew at once that this would be impossible. With many upbraidings of myself, taking, as bound to do, all blame, I told my mother all. She waited motionless, save for the slight trembling, till she understood that no drop of the liquor had passed my lips. Thus, in her gladness she could wait no longer. With a cry of joy she tottered forward, threw her arms about me, and burst into a flood of tears.

The act revealed to me her inmost heart. It needed not that she should tell me all she felt: of the long years of distress till both my sister and brother were laid in graves, one disheartened, one dishonored; nor of the longer years while she had watched lest I, too, should develop the fatal taste, should show the rankling of a virus, the end whereof could only be another death.

It was no wonder she was overjoyed. No wonder that for a while she could only sob a pitiful, "Thank God."

At last when she had grown calmer, I told her all.

"I could not have believed it of Arthur," she said.

"But," I responded, "it is his only hope. If he does not use stimulants, he will die."

"Then he had better die," she said firmly, her lips compressed like iron.

I pleaded with her to say nothing of what she had learned. I told her of the struggle that Arthur had already gone through, and begged her not to torture him further. But my mother's resolution was not as the resolutions of most women. To her to speak was duty; not to be foreborne for sentiment, nor evaded for expediency, or even pity. In the evening she spoke to Arthur. I had told him of what had happened, and he was prepared. He listened calmly, but as my mother grew first very serious, and then terribly in earnest, he bowed his head upon his hands in abject misery.

My mother, usually so calm, so sedate, grew impassioned in the fervor of her pleading. She never once alluded to her own former sufferings, but depicted in words which I am unable to repeat—so eloquent were they—the horror that might have been hers had I, her only son, yielded to the force of the temptation, which, she declared, Arthur had put before me.

"It is not," she said, "the danger of the dram to you,—I believe you to be able to resist the insidious craving,—but it is the awful possibilities of the temptation and the snare for others. Oh Arthur!" she exclaimed, the tears coursing down her aged cheeks, "what would your feelings be if, because of the example of your setting,—you, whom he loves, whom he looks up to,—my boy, my only boy, had imbibed the fatal taste, and had been brought home to me this very night a drunkard?"

Arthur's frame shook convulsively.

"Or," continued my mother, "to bring it close, close home to yourself. No man, not the best of them, can be sure but he himself may fall; temptation is a thing so awful that none who has not felt can realise. You yourself are alone in the world. You have no mother as my boy has to watch, and guard, and warn. Let me, as your own mother might, Arthur, warn you. You are now fancy free, heart whole, Arthur; but there may come a time when some sweet maid may cross your path; when love may come singing to you both to join hands in holy wedlock. Can you, dare you look forward into the future, and ask that innocent one to be forever yours? Yours, when, for aught you can tell, the drams you have taken—calling them by the sham name of medicine—may have clogged your brain and clotted your blood with the vile virus of drink desire; when—"

"Spare me, I beg of you, oh spare me!" Arthur lifted his head; the tears rained down his cheeks: "You little know the effect of your words. Yes, you have spoken truth,—only truth. I feel it, I know it. You have guessed the truth. There is a sweet maid, —yes; away up among the savage mountains dwells a dear girl who has won my heart. Say no more, I

beg of you. I feel all you have said. I know it all to be true. What right have I to lead others into temptation? None. What right have I, for even the sake of life, to pollute the current of my blood? None. Now hear me, dearest mother. Yes, mother, for you have ever been that to me since I lost my own; hear me, my brother, from this hour not a drop of the poison—poison alike to body and to mind—shall even cross these lips. I can die, and I may die; I am told that I must, if I refrain; but—"

"Die!" exclaimed my mother, "no; there is no need to speak of dying."

So long as I live I shall never forget the look upon Arthur Hale's face. He tottered to his feet. His eyes put on an expression that I have never beheld before or since in the eyes of a living man. For one moment he stood like a statue. Then he raised his right hand to heaven, and poured out a declaration (some would have called it an oath) in words of burning eloquence that sooner than resort to drink again he would die; "or—or," he said with the utmost solemnity, "or—"

But my mother interrupted him.

"Say nothing more," she cried, "wait. Here (she turned suddenly to the quaint oaken sideboard and from a recess drew forth a cut glass Bohemian vase), here is your life. Here is the new and better blood. Take it, Arthur, take it, drink and live."

So saying, my mother poured into a glass some of the rich, ruby colored liquid, sparkling as it fell with the iridescent tints of a myriad gems.

Arthur turned his glassy eyes, stretched forth his attenuated fingers, trembling like aspen leaves.

"What is this?" he asked in a hollow, unnatural voice.

"That," exclaimed my mother with the utmost impressiveness, "that is the only known substitute (and it is a most effectual one) for alcohol in every form; that is Higgin's Health Help, and it is universally prescribed by the faculty."

* * *

"As it was written" there was more of the story. I told in some detail how Arthur took the Help regularly, what the dose was, also the price of the bottle, and the reduction for quantities, and if I remember right, some brief but entertaining accounts of the rise of the Higgins works from small beginnings and of the life of Mr. Higgins. I also told, of course, how Arthur was speedily restored to health and married that pretty girl at the mines. No doubt you will say that this was sane enough, and yet may add (as I have known some critics to do) that this was about all there was of sanity to the story. True enough from your point of view,—true enough, and so out of clear civility I call my tale "A Crazy Story."

And yet,—like many other things I could mention,—it is not as crazy as it looks. The fact is, I wrote that story as an advertisement for Higgins and was paid fifty dollars for it. That is my excuse. The sanity is found, not in the process, but in the result.

Let all those intellectual gentlemen who cannot understand the philosophy of certainty ponder it deeply. Let all who look upon life as a crazy story,—a tale full of sound and fury, or even full of profound thought, noble deeds, fervent emotions, pure morality, still signifying nothing,—let them learn that it has, it must have a key, a reason, a value, not to be discovered in the sequence of events, but to be known (each for himself and not for the other) by all whose life experiences have matured into a religious belief. The process is hidden; the purpose veiled; the means always obscure, often fitful, foolish and fantastic; but the result, different in kind, may be, if we will have it so, all that is clear, all that is wise, all that is beneficent, all that is certain.

We, too, have a religious belief, not because we are credulous, but because we know.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. JOHN MADDOCK ON THE FREE WILL.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Please allow me to reply to your criticism on page 4933 of *The Open Court*. So that there will not be any misunderstanding, I will state that you are defending a religious philosophy while I am contending for positive scientific definitions. The great question of this age is, "What is truth?" not, "What is religious philosophy?" I have no quarrel with the philosophy of any religion, because I know that religious philosophies are necessary factors, for the undeveloped, to assist moral evolution. But I object to the common practice now-a-days of mixing up science with religion so that it is impossible for advanced thinkers to decide which foundation the truth must be based upon. When you say you are a determinist, I understand that you are a scientist (a true scientist cannot logically be anything else), but when you supplement that statement by saying that the free choice of man is not determined by law, I am bewildered, and am obliged to place you partially among the religions. Can you not see where your view of free choice, without natural law as the determining factor, lands you? Your position implies that a Mohammedan can be a Buddhist, a Catholic, a Methodist, a Freethinker, a follower of superstition. Although it is true that all men are what they are from choice, it is also true that their beliefs and unbeliefs were determined by natural law. Our liberty, as we call it, is just as much the result of law as our bondage. By determinism there is nothing without law. If we had no liberty to act, we would sit forever "like Patience on a monument." A fish chooses water because by natural law water is adapted to fish and fish to water. Because a fish chooses water, the law of determinism is not set aside,—it must choose water, and its freedom to do so is a result of natural law. So is it with man; he must do what he does. You admit determinism in the environment, but you deny it in the organism. Your God does not reign supremely in man, man is sovereign, not God. By science it cannot be logically said that God is the saviour, and "man is his own saviour." By determinism man is a part of all things, hence he must be placed under the dominion of law. Man cannot be separated from God, no more than an electric light can from a dynamo. "Of myself

I can do nothing; the Father within me, He doeth the work." This is determinism; this is truth! Determinism is simply another name for fatalism. What a bugbear fatalism has been! Yet determinism is fatalism, and fatalism is truth. The fate of all mankind hangs on the operation of natural law, not upon the freedom of the will,—the false philosophy of Plato and Aristotle transmitted by the Roman Catholic Church. By science this false dogma is slain, never more to revive. Fatalism has stood as a synonym for inactivity, just as if there could really be such a thing under natural law.

> "Because I say that nature is the Lord
> Of all the forms which dwelt upon this sphere;
> I do not sit and idly fold my arms,
> Thinking there's naught for me to do while here.
>
> Just as the flowers must bloom where fitness is,
> And as the sun must shine where there's no shade,
> So I MUST struggle in environments
> Which force me to, because things are so made.
>
> Men talk of fate as if a man could sit
> Unmoved by action of eternal law;
> But this delusion science drives away
> And shows it's only a religious saw."

From your standpoint, all men can embrace your religion of science if they will. From the view of pure science, they cannot; this fact is corroborated in that they do not; they do not choose it, because they are not adapted by nature to make such a choice. Every man must believe as he does; a Catholic cannot be a Buddhist, and so on all around the sectarian circle. This is the gospel of pure science, the view which will bring "peace on earth and good-will among men." Condemning one another never can. The only condemnation which comes by science is in the light which it sheds,—"this is condemnation that light is come into the world." You stated that "a man need not always do as he does." Will you please give me a practical illustration? You said that "God can become our saviour only if the recognition of the saving truth be incarnated in our souls." The recognition of truth cannot save any one. The criminally inclined are not saved by recognising truth; their only salvation is in moral evolution by the power of God. If mankind wait until they "discover God and walk upon that path," they will never be saved from sin. God must discover Himself to them. I admit that your position "is the main idea of Christianity," but Christianity is not true; it is based upon free will, not determinism. By Christianity man determined to be a sinner. By science sin is determined by law. By Christianity Jesus died for sinners. By science there is no need for any one to die for sin. The true atonement is in free, moral evolution,—God's leaven must work until all is leavened. Why should this not be so? As God determined sin by the law and an impotent organism, why should He not freely work moral evolution? Here science preaches the gospel of the free gift and proclaims against the false doctrine of Theosophy,—the sovereignty of man and his meritorious moral development; and this is the real question which is at issue between science and all of the other religions of the world: Has God determined the destiny of mankind, or has He left it with them to choose? By the light of science, the gospel of the Nazarene decides this question: God is sovereign, and man is an auxiliary. Man is an auxiliary in that he is a thing formed. He is evolved and dissolved by a determinate power. You stated that man is not an auxiliary. Please corroborate your statement; truth is authority, not scholarly assumptions. *The Open Court* must either drop the term science or religion; it cannot consistently use both. Right reason must prevail.

JOHN MADDOCK.

[Mr. Maddock's criticism is based upon a misconstruction of the editorial views, which we suppose to be too well known to need repetition.[1]—ED.]

[1] See *The Open Court*, No. 457, the last paragraph on page 4933, and the first one on page 4934.

THE DANCING PROCESSION OF ECHTERNACH.

We have received the following communication from Echternach, which we here reproduce without any further remark:

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In the 16th of July number of *The Open Court* the writer of "Demonology of the Nineteenth Century" mentions the dancing procession of Echternach in connexion with exorcisms, devils, etc. As an interested reader of your paper and a five years' inhabitant of Echternach, I must confess that I do not grasp the gist of P. C.'s criticism on that point. The expressions he uses of "stupid survival," etc., prove that he has never seen the procession, that he has never investigated into the motives which lead so many thousands to "take part in the performance," that he rejects the Christian idea of penance, freely chosen and accepted, and that he is brutal enough to wantonly wound the feelings of his fellowmen on an out of the way occasion.

DR. N. M. PALGEN.

ECHTERNACH, LUXEMBURG, Aug. 20, 1896.

BOOK NOTICES.

CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS. Collected from the Oral Tradition of English-speaking Folk. Edited by *Fanny D. Bergen*. With Notes, and an Introduction by *William Wells Newell*. Boston and New York: Published for The American Folk-Lore Society by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. 1896. Pages, x, 161. Price, $3.50.

Students of folk-lore will be thankful to the American Folk-Lore Society for the present work, which is the fourth volume they have issued, and to Mrs. Bergen and Mr. Newell for its preparation. The book is full of curious and interesting information, which appeals almost as much to the general as the special reader, seeing that we all retain traces of the old superstitious feeling which has given rise to the popular sayings brought together within its pages. Mr. Newell offers a new definition of superstition which has much in its favor. He speaks of a superstition as "a belief respecting causal sequence, depending on reasoning proper to an outgrown culture." Thus, although superstitions are properly designated, after Dr. E. B. Tylor, survivals, they often represent "a survival of ratiocination as well as of action." Mr. Newell's introductory remarks form a valuable contribution to the study of folk-lore, and they throw a side light on certain phases of psychology. He says, "folk-lore survives, and popular practices continue, only so long as endures a method of thinking corresponding to that in which these had their origin." The continuance of superstitions through so many ages shows how deep-rooted they are in human nature. We are still able, as Mr. Newell remarks, "to understand the motives in which they had their being; we perceive that the inclination has not disappeared, however checked by mediation through later experience, and however counteracted by the weight of later maxims." It is perhaps not strange that so many superstitious practices are "projects," or connected with the subject of courtship and marriage. In this book they occupy nearly thirty pages. Mrs. Bergen has accumulated a large store of botanical and zoölogical mythology, and it is to be hoped that the Folk-Lore Society will issue it in the same form as the present handsome volume. C. S. W.

HUMAN PROGRESS. What Can Man Do to Further It? By *Thomas S. Blair*, M. A. (Harvard). New York: William R. Jenkins. 1896. Pages, viii, 573.

The question here propounded is answered by Mr. Blair in the last sentence of his book—by the establishment of "a government of the labor-class, by the labor-class, for the labor-class, intelligently administered." This is the *summum bonum*, the best of governments for every class, but whether the author believes that

such a solution of the Problem of Poverty will ever be attempted we cannot say. His reasoning has led him to a position "where never a one among all the generations of men has stood before," and from this Pisgah's height the solution appears easy. It is simply that "the public opinion of some one advanced nation shall be made to comprehend the principle of the solution." The principle itself is crude enough, as it is merely the providing of employment for every one willing and able to work. The difficulty is with the author's scheme, and yet there is little objection to be made to its general principle, which he states as the Law of the Evolution of Human Wants. The author well points out that want never is really satisfied. It "grows by what it feeds on." Wealth-Growth is the essential process and it consists of three movements which constitute a closed circle, "demand creating production, production consumption, and consumption demand." The power to demand must first exist, however, and this depends on the economic condition that every one shall be able to live in "comfort." It is rather disappointing to find that the chief means of ensuring this end is simply the old method of high tariff, combined with "restriction of the inflow of foreign labor." But the real key to the whole question is *character*, and "character-building" forms an important part of Mr. Blair's thesis. The Introduction of one hundred and thirty pages is engaged with a consideration of its basis, which is communion with God. This shows that his scheme is a phase of Christian Socialism. It is only fair to add that in the Preface the author states, that the entire system, "as a whole and in each of its several parts," is purely suggestive. c. s. w.

VOLTAIRE ET LE VOLTAIRIANISME. By *Nourrisson*, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: P. Lethielleux, 10 Rue Casette. 1896. Pages, iv, 672. Price, francs 7.50.

The name Voltaire has ceased to be a word to conjure with outside of France, but there his ideas, or those imputed to him, have not ceased to affect the social mind. During his life the influence of Voltaire was great indeed, and it may be measured by the fact of his friendship being sought by two such personages as Frederick, King of Prussia, and Catherine, Empress of Russia. In France he divided with his rival Rousseau the credit of having been a chief instrument in preparing the way for the Great Revolution. It is difficult in this age and country to understand how so mean a character as, by the light thrown on him and his career in the present work, Voltaire must have been, could exercise so extraordinary a power, which was purely destructive. The fact can be explained only on the supposition that he reflected the spirit of his nation, and to some extent that of the age in which he lived. The author of the present work speaks of Voltairianism in France as a quality of the people and a product of the country, and says that Voltaire himself was merely an extreme expression of the special merits and defects common to Frenchmen of all periods. To qualify himself to form a correct opinion, the author has read carefully all Voltaire's works, and also all the most important books that treat of him and his ideas, a list of which will be found at pages 47–49.

The present work is divided into two parts, of which one deals with the life of Voltaire, and the other with his views on various subjects. It is very interesting reading, as will be expected from the reputation of its author, particularly that portion of it which treats of the relations of Voltaire with Frederick and Catherine. Voltairianism is summed up in three words, materialism, egoism, and derision. c. s. w.

AN ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY. By *George Rantoul White*, A. M., Instructor in Chemistry at Phillips Exeter Academy. Boston, U. S. A.: Ginn & Co. 1894. Pp., 301.

Mr. White has supplied to his book a preface of twelve pages in which he advances his views on the nature of instruction in science and presents in the course of his exposition a number of valuable and familiar points which both students and elementary teachers will do well to observe. The little treatise itself, which claims to be nothing more than a reproduction of the course of elementary chemistry given at Exeter Academy, Mass., is designed for two classes of students, those whose intruction is placed in the hands of a teacher who cannot devote his whole time to chemistry, and those who are eager to study chemistry but are unable to employ a teacher.

The development is upon the laboratory method. Part I. familiarises the student "with the methods both mental and practical of the scientific chemist of to-day," teaching him to experiment, to observe, and to reason, Part II. continues the same research upon a higher plane, leading the student by his own independent endeavor to the facts at the basis of chemical reasoning, and so preparing him for the more difficult study, elaborated in Part III., of the history and development of the laws and theory of chemistry. This part is more extended than is usually the case in elementary treatises, but having paved the way inductively for a broad grasp of general principles, the author believes this step warranted both by the preparatory matter he has given and by the necessity of such knowledge for every unprofessional student. He has almost entirely eschewed the use of chemical symbols, deferring their consideration until the facts have been reached and the principles established, and justifies his procedure by the following opinion of Lothar Meyer, that "Chemical symbols and formulæ, which a few years ago received such prominence, are now regarded with indifference, since what was formerly expressed symbolically and indistinctly or even without proof or clearness by their aid, can now be expressed in clear words with fixed meaning."

The explanations and working directions are sufficiently ample to justify placing the book in the hands of all intelligent students desirous of studying chemistry without an instructor, and such persons will, we have no doubt, be profitably and pleasurably introduced to the science. T. J. M.

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